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The Socialist Spirit

The Fellowship

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The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.

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THERE IS NOTHING SO VALUABLE IN PROPAGANDA AS GOOD LITERATURE

"The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberty needful for living a complete and unfearing life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization."

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VOL. I

MARCH, 1902

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The Prince's Visit

During the celebra-
tion of the Queen's
Jubilee in 1887 Rud-

yard Kipling wrote a poem (without revolutionary intent) which was designed to display the interest shown in that celebration by the "Queen's loyal subjects" in India.

It is called "What the People Said." Here is a fragment of it:

By the well, where the bullocks go
Silent and blind and slow—
By the field where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard, as the dull earth hears
The voice of the wind of an hour,
The sound of the Great Queen's voice:—
"My God hath given me years,
Hath granted dominion and power:
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice."

* * * * *

And the ploughman settles the share
More deep in the grudging clod:
"The wheat and the cattle are all my
care,
The rest is the will of God."

It is in much the same spirit that the working-people of America and Germany have regarded the present ostentatious manifestations of friendship between the two governments.

The working-people of America "have heard, as the dull earth hears the voice of the wind of an hour," that the Prussian Prince has been the center of the attention of the idle for the weeks just past: but the wheat and the cattle are

all their care, that is, there is work to be done, by those who must work, and the flowers of courtesy must be left to those who have the leisure for it.

There is no need for protestations of friendship between the working-people of any two countries.

Diplomacy is always left to the exploiters.

If reports from reliable sources in Germany be true the celebration of Henry's visit to America is a matter of as great indifference to the German common people as it is to ours. They, too, have work to do. Display and gold lace and wining and dining are not for them.

They must labor that the material for all this pageantry may not lack. The economic condition of the common people of Germany to-day is very grievous; and the attitude of the German government toward the Polish people who fell to Germany's share in the partition of that unhappy country is too infamous for words to express. Threats of imprisonment or banishment are being muttered even against Sienkiewicz, the great novelist, for daring to protest against the obliteration of the Polish language and literature.

There is nothing in Prince Henry's visit for the common people to celebrate. No one objects to Henry as an individual. He seems an amiable person enough; but he represents a phase of society the world is trying to get out of,

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a phase of classes—workers and parasites—which has endured already too long.

The protest of Congressman Wheeler of Kentucky in the House, on February 14th, may not have been couched in phrases chosen in the best of taste: but it took its rise from a feeling of disgust which is by no means peculiar to Mr. Wheeler, however the plutocratic press have endeavored to make people think so.

The protest of Carey and Mac Cartney, the Socialist representatives in the Massachusetts legislature, against the official recognition of Henry by the Massachusetts Commonwealth, was dignified and able. It was better than Mr. Wheeler's protest because it was based upon a principle rather than upon a vague, undefined sentiment, or democratic impulse.



Liberty's Light Goes Out

It is interesting that simultaneously with the exchange of our "royal" courtesies the torch of liberty held for years in the raised hand of Bartholdi's statue in New York harbor is to be extinguished. Congress has not thought it worth while to make the small appropriation necessary to keep the light burning. It is costing us so much to stamp out the sentiment of liberty that we cannot afford to display this "back number" ideal in such bold relief. Following is the official notice of its dismantling:

"New York, February 15, 1902.—The United States authorities have now decided to turn out the light of 'Liberty Enlightening the World.' As announced this morning, a notice to mariners was sent out yesterday by the lighthouse board of the treasury department at Washington, under date of February 12, which reads: 'Liberty Enlightening the World light station: Notice is hereby given that on or about March 1, 1902, the fixed white electric light shown from the torch of the bronze statue at this station, inside of Fort Wood, Bedloe Island, westerly side of the main channel, in the

upper part of New York upper bay, will be discontinued.

"By order of the lighthouse board.

"N. H. FARQUHAR, Rear Admiral,
U. S. N., Chairman.

"It was necessary to make this announcement, since it was possible that among the inhabitants of the world an unprogressive mariner here and there might still seek to lay his course by this light, and, not finding it, go astray. Otherwise it could have been quietly snuffed out and nothing said about it."

This last explanatory paragraph is figuratively delicious. The Boer nation and the Filipinos have seen Liberty's light and are trying to steer by it.

They are going on the rocks most grievously.

They are, indeed, "unprogressive mariners," and had they not seen liberty's light and "sought to lay their course by it" in a brave resistance to an infamous subjugation, they, too, "could have been quietly snuffed out and nothing said about it."

The order for extinguishing the light was given out on Lincoln's birthday. Its snuffing out is most appropriate to the time and the national position, for it is only in Socialist hearts that the counterpart of this symbol of liberty still flames; the vast bulk of Americans have forgotten what liberty is;—as have the vast bulk of the French who gave the statue to us.

The French "republic" is as grotesque a travesty upon a democratic state as history has ever illustrated.

But at the time the statue was given us there was a positive survival of that high sentiment in which the nineteenth century was born. The literature of the time of its presentation proves it.

Yet, after all, it shamed us from the first; for under its very shadow has been continuously enacted the drama of the customs: the odious flower of "protection" which no free people would have so long endured.

The practice of overhauling the baggage of incoming transatlantic steamers shames a free country out of countenance. The passengers arriving on the

Deutschland last week, according to a press dispatch, were "herded in a rope pen" and dealt with as "perjurors and sneak thieves." After they had sworn to the contents of their baggage the inspectors proceeded to open the trunks and overhaul what was in them "while women stood by almost in tears and men boiled with futile rage."

This amiâble custom of taking a man's oath and then proceeding to rifle his baggage as if you knew he was lying; done in a "free" country under the shadow of a statue of liberty, truly merits uproarious applause.

The light really went out a long time ago.



'The Fight in the Senate'

As Lincoln's birthday was celebrated by the formal extinguishment of the light of liberty so Washington's birthday was celebrated by a fist-fight in the Senate. On February 22nd the two senators from South Carolina emphasized their logic by punching each other's heads. As a matter of fact if there is any honor left in party politics the strictures of Senator Tillman upon his colleague are merited. Tillman simply told the truth about McLaurin, who has sold out his party to the Republicans and is distributing Republican patronage right and left, though elected as a Democrat.

If there is any microscope fine enough to distinguish a party Republican from a party Democrat as to ideals and tactics, McLaurin's actions are dishonorable and he *ought* to be thumped;—for the "honah" of the South.

No one has any respect for the Senate outside of that august body: but it seems there is a tradition that *inside* it one must preserve certain attitudes of respect.

"The Sinate is now in sission," said Mr. Hennessey.

"The Lord save us fr'm harrm," said Mr. Dooley.

That is the way most people look at it.

Senators Tillman and McLaurin were hauled up for "contempt of the Senate. If such tactics were operative outside of Washington the whole country would be under arrest. But the only thing that happened was the taking away of Senator Tillman's invitation to dine with Prince Henry.

Terrible Ted the High Prophet of the Strenuous couldn't stand the fighting of anyone but himself.

He knew the dear Henry wouldn't like it; he wouldn't like to meet a fighter at dinner.

The *peasants* do all of Henry's fighting. Princes always fight on paper.

But that was a hot shot of Tillman's when he intimated that if Roosevelt had been in his place he would have done the same thing.

The Rooseveltian philosophy evidently would have demanded it. In Roosevelt's life of Benton, referring to the fight of Benton and Foote on the floor of the Senate before the Civil War, he says:

But, after all, this ruffianism was really not a whit worse in its effects on the national character than was the case with certain of the "universal peace" and "non-resistance" developments in the northeastern states; in fact, it was more healthy. A class of professional non-combatants is as hurtful to the real, healthy growth of a nation as is a class of fire-eaters; for a weakness or folly is naturally as bad as a vice, or worse; and, in the long run, a Quaker may be quite as undesirable a citizen as a duelist.

This seems almost a defense of Tillman by Roosevelt written long before his misbehavior.

Anyhow the president took Tillman's plate from the table, and he didn't get the dinner.

It isn't recorded anywhere that the prince missed him.



Mr. Depew Talking Again

That always diverting person, the Honorable Chauncey Depew of Peeksville, N. Y., after a wedding trip in Europe has broken out again; and, as is usual whenever he opens his mouth, has put his foot in it.

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This; according to the press reports, is his last eloquent tribute to the memory of that great friend of the common people William McKinley:

Though always a poor man, he made possible the gigantic fortunes which have been amassed by master minds in the control, use and distribution of iron, coal oil, cotton and wool and their products. Though never an organizer or beneficiary of combinations or trusts, yet the constant aggregation of most industries in vast corporations of fabulous capital, while due to tendencies of the age and common to all countries, received tremendous acceleration from his policies. The dominant idea which governed his public life was that measures which brought out our national resources and increased our national wealth added to the security, comfort and happiness of every citizen.

That all this is true is beyond the shadow of a doubt: but if Chauncey had gone about making this speech before the last election it might have put Mr. Bryan in the White house. It is the direct and glaring opposite of the full dinner-pail philosophy. The concluding paragraph which sets forth the "dominant idea" of the late president is practically the Republican idea in a nutshell.

That is to say it is not *republican* at all, but oligarchical. It is the belief that all the people are well-off because a few of them are very rich: and that "prosperity" in a country means the accumulation of large fortunes by a few. The accumulation of great wealth is regarded as desirable so long as the accumulators "use it right."

In other words, without really understanding the economic infamy of their theories, the holders of these doctrines conclude that the few can spend the earnings of the many more judiciously than the many can spend them for themselves;—a benevolent despotism, in short. They believe that the surplus product of industry above a close livelihood for the mass of the workers can best for all be placed in a few hands; and in justification of their views they point to the "splendid" and "intelligent" benefactions of rich men like Carnegie and Rockefeller.

There is no doubt that John and Andy believe this themselves. The workers may think they need bread and bed-quilts, but John and Andy know better: they need libraries and universities.

As the universities are getting their endowments from men who have accumulated wealth it is quite logical that they should take the Depew-McKinley-Rockefeller-Carnegie point of view, *and teach it*. It is also logical that in the fatuous self-satisfaction of their enjoyment of capitalistic dividends they should conclude that the people will remain satisfied with this benevolent paternalism and cease their efforts for Socialism. There is no doubt that some of them have already reached this conclusion.

For example, a recent editorial in the *Yale Review*, after referring to the lavish endowments of educational and other public institutions by the rich, goes on to say:—

The aggregate must be very large, and it has of late been increasing very rapidly. This has a double effect. On the one hand, it greatly weakens the popular jealousy of large fortunes; on the other, the amount spent on education greatly facilitates the upward movement of poor young men who have brains, and thus prevents the crystallization of a strong class feeling. Thus, while in Germany the tendency has been to transfer more and more capital to the state, in our country a large part has gone into the hands of public institutions and given us in the place of state socialism a certain trustee socialization of wealth. It seems not impossible, in view of these marked developments, that the United States may find a different solution for its social problems from that which has characterized much of the legislation in other parts of the world during the past few years.

This is very interesting. Stripped of its refined and benevolent mask, it means that, as here and there a man of "brains" arises among the masses, such exceptional educational advantages will be thrown his way that he will soon forget the class he sprung from and go logically into the service of exploitation.

Whenever a worker is born who might help his fellows, and thus menace the

system which keeps the workers at starvation's edge, his teeth are to be drawn, and he is to be rendered harmless by a conventional education benevolently paid for by such men as those referred to.

As time goes on it is ever becoming more and more apparent that the "educators" and the "educated" have absolutely no conception whatever of the great movement for social democracy that is taking root in the soil of the common life.

To know what the people are doing and what they are thinking about it is necessary to get somewhere near to them.

The whole modern college atmosphere is as remote from the people, and an intelligent understanding of their aspirations and their efforts as were the little French princes who, when told that the people were starving for bread, asked wonderingly why they didn't eat pie.

The time is coming when the dividends drawn from Capitalist industries by these great leeches called "educational institutions" will fail.

They will fail because the common people will refuse to be any longer exploited for their benefit.

When the country's great industries are operated for the benefit of all, there will be no dividends.

Then those colleges which are perpetuating the idea of benevolent despotism built upon an exploited common life, will drop off the body of society along with the exploiters who endowed them;—both will shrivel into a disagreeable memory.



Mr. Herron's Detractors

While on the subject of colleges, it is interesting to note with what malignity of misrepresentation the petty enemies of Mr. Herron in Iowa continue to bark at the man they have not yet ceased to fear. Following is a dispatch made up probably at Grinnell (but sent from the little town of Eldora), which has been going the rounds

of American papers. It also appeared in many of the European dailies:

HERRON

Is Trying to Cause a Revolution in America.

Says That the Country Is Ripe For One—Monopolies Must Be Downed.

Eldora, Iowa, Jan. 15th.

Acquaintances of Dr. George D. Herron at this place and at Grinnell are in receipt of letters and papers from Brussels, Belgium, where the socialist teacher is delivering a course of lectures on socialistic doctrine. He is making the usual number of very broad and erratic statements, and vast crowds of the poorer classes are nightly flocking to hear him. He is lecturing in the Maison du Peuple, a socialist hall. In one of his late speeches during the month of December he is reported to have remarked that seven-eighths of the property in the United States is monopolized by 2,000 individuals, who are at the head of the trusts in this country. He stated that the laboring man is fast becoming the serf of the capitalist and that his only hope of a bettered condition is in a revolution. The professor further explained that he strongly believed in a revolution and was doing his level best to bring a revolution about in the United States.

Mr. Herron's "course of lectures" was a ten-minute speech delivered at the Brussels International Socialist Bureau meeting at which twenty other delegates spoke. He was in Brussels less than a day, and went there at the especial request of the American Socialists whom he was delegated to represent in the Bureau.

By his "vast crowds of the poorer classes flocking nightly to hear him," the originator of the dispatch must mean the daisies and hillside flowers of the Swiss mountainside, outside the chalet in which Comrade Herron is living. These are the gentle audiences which have filled the Iowa imagination with pictures of revolution.



More Newspaper Sensationalism

The suggestion in our last issue that the Capitalist newspapers are engaged in making public sentiment

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to aid the passage of a bill prohibiting free speech, under the cover of "legislation against anarchists," seems to have received added confirmation by the experiences of our own Fellowship.

Marion Wentworth's talk before the Daughters of the Revolution, at Chicago, on February 14th, was given a sensational prominence out of all proportion to the importance either of the speech or the occasion.

This series of lectures is open to the public and there were perhaps 300 people to listen to Mrs. Wentworth's talk. It is true the Chicago anarchists were present and applauded Mrs. Wentworth: but they have been present at all the meetings and have applauded all the speakers who have had the courage really to say anything.

Mrs. Wentworth's talk was a plea for the abolition of the Army,—a talk against physical force and all manifestations of it, whether by an individual or a nation. She declared that love for all mankind was nobler than the love for geographical divisions and that for the first time in history an organized movement—the International Socialist movement—was aiming to give practical expression to the ideals of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

Men and women crowded about her at the close of her talk, deeply moved by her spiritual presentation of the Socialist ideal, a number of them exacting promises from her to speak before other organizations.

On the following morning the Chicago Record-Herald gave a column and a half on the first page to a wretchedly garbled report. Here is the beginning of it:

QUAIL AT LURID TALK.

Members of D. A. R. Listen to Fiery Speech While Reds Applaud.

CHEERS FROM ANARCHISTS.

Marion Craig Wentworth causes a stir at a D. A. R. meeting by indulging in an-

archistic talk during an address on "The Blight of the Army."

"Love of country is a very questionable sentiment. Cleaning streets is more glorious than the capture of San Juan Hill. The capture of Aguinaldo was a disgrace to this nation." These and similar sentiments, expressed by Marion Craig Wentworth in discussing "The Blight of the Army" at a meeting of the Daughters of the Revolution in the Fine Arts Building last night, were cheered by Schneider, Isaaks and other well-known anarchists, while a larger part of the audience sat with blanched faces and feared what was to follow.

The speaker said the army was an obstacle in the way of obtaining social justice, and deplored the fact that the newspapers, plays and novels were full of military flummery.

(Here follows a long report supposed to be verbatim.)

When one reads below the headlines and sees the picture of a larger part of an audience of three hundred people clinging to their seats in abject terror because a beautiful, high-bred and refined woman says that cleaning streets is a worthier occupation than killing people, one can get an idea of the ludicrous character of the report.

A clean street in Chicago would be a revolution in itself. That was the idea which scared them.

This article was copied extensively by the papers of other cities, particularly in the Northwest, where Mrs. Wentworth is better known. Letters poured in upon her from her old classmates of the University of Minnesota, urging her to use greater moderation in expressing her views, one of them begging her "for the love of old times" not to blow up the universe before she got her air-ship ready.

When a plea for justice and brotherhood and peace can be called "lurid talk" it certainly looks as if it were time for someone to speak out against the decay of high ideals, even if the speaker be a gentle-woman.

The Price of Cleanliness

It is beautiful to be clean.

Isn't it?

Isn't it, you sweet young girl?

Clean bodies in clean linen are almost a fleshly deity, aren't they?

After being down in the city's grime and soot, isn't a clean waist a luxury?

To come out of your bath and clothe yourself in clean linen: that makes even one's enemies seem far away and unimportant, doesn't it?

But if the clean waists are not home from the laundry, and you have to slip your clean body into the soiled one again, how it changes things; your enemies seem near and exasperating then!—don't they, sweet young girl?

But now comes the laundry-wagon, brightly painted, and clean; the sprightly driver bounds up the steps and rings the bell; and in a moment Mary hangs the bundle on your chamber door, gives a light tap, and goes away.

You take in the bundle, and your enemies sink away again into obscurity. You forget about 'em.

You open the bundle with a yank at the string.

There are the clean waists,—and the clean other things.

What have they cost, what is the price of all this cleanliness, sweet young girl?

Eighty-seven cents, the laundry-list says. That's all it costs you.

Cheap enough; isn't it?

That's all it costs *you*.

But that isn't all it costs.

Oh dear, no, sweet young girl; it costs much more than that.

Go home with the bright wagon, after it completes its rounds; turn into the alley with it, and stop where it stops.

There is a square building of rough brick, fronting on the alley.

It has two little windows, close to the ground.

One of them is closed: you cannot see through it.

The other is open, so we may see what's going on inside.

Let us stoop and peep.

Ugh! what a foul, wet odor! It's worse than the alley smells.

The clothes are being washed. Out of them are being steamed the muck and soot and grime that are absorbed from the outside, and the humors of the body that are absorbed from the inside.

It is nasty breathing, this effluvium. You notice it from the outside. When it is breathed all the time, though, one gets accustomed to it.

There are girls down there in the steam; you can see them moving about. How they are hustling! One would think a demon was driving them.

They have been hard at it since seven o'clock.

In Winter they quit at six: in the Summer they work till ten or eleven, sometimes till midnight, without extra pay. Shirt-waists come in the summer.

And on their feet, too. They only sit down during their half-hour at noon.

Think of that; sweet young girl!

Ten hours on their feet;—in the Summer, fifteen;—working their arms and backs in that foul atmosphere.

If you did that for one day, you'd want to rest for a week, wouldn't you?

But these girls must be there promptly at seven the next morning; and every morning.

Suppose there should be a day or so in a month when they are not well; days on which *you* may lie in bed, or take your ease about the house? Do you suppose personal indisposition is considered in their case?

No.

Back-breaking labor during the ten or fifteen hours, just the same, for them.

You never thought of that, did you, dear? You don't think much of anything; do you? Your mother did not think much of anything before you,—unless she were a working-woman; and if *you* have daughters *they* won't think much of anything.

And yet the suffering of these girls is the price paid for your cleanliness!

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Not the price *you* pay.
 The price *they* pay.
 Look at them, through the window!
 Wan, tired, desolate, God-forsaken
 looking slatterns.

Why should they care for their appearance if no one else cares? Drudge, drudge, drudge, from daylight till dark, and on into the night.

For what?

From \$1.50 to \$9 per week.

Two or three out of the eighteen or twenty girls get seven, eight, and nine dollars.

All the rest get less than six.

There is one with a gap in her mouth where two teeth ought to be. That's horrible! a toothless young woman. She ought to go to the dentist.

But where is she to get the time to go to the dentist; and where will she get the money to pay him?

You never thought of that, did you, dear? Mother has always looked so carefully after *your* teeth. You had no responsibility about it, except the bore of going to the dentist.

There is another; pale, morose, shuffling about.

"She's been here a year," the driver whispers.

"She is only seventeen. You'd think she's thirty, wouldn't you?"

The driver says she came last spring; buxom, sprightly, gay;—off a farm somewhere.

The end of the summer finished her. She was used to the sunshine.

"It's so blamed hot down there in the summer. They don't get no air. That lays the best of 'em out," says the driver. "I'm all right on the wagon, but I couldn't stand that. It 'ud kill me; but women seem to stand it, somehow."

Yes, they seem to stand it, somehow. They stand it about three years.

Then what becomes of them?

What are you going to be, sweet young girl?

A wife, you hope!—perhaps a mother, eh? Yes, you do! You need not blush. That's your training. It's no shame to be a mother. You used to love to play with dolls. That's the mother instinct.

What are *these* girls going to be? These physical wrecks? These broken and wheezing hacks?

Does any man want such a girl for a wife?

No one wants her for a wife.

Does any one want her for a mother?

No one would say she was fit for motherhood.

They wouldn't have her even in a house of prostitution!

I am sorry to say this, dear. I know it shocks you. I only say it because it's true.

I want you to realize what it costs to keep you clean.

To make prostitutes of women is an unspeakable crime; but to make of women creatures not even fit to be prostitutes, what is that?

What do you say? The laundryman?

No; it isn't his fault. He does not live as you do. He works harder and consumes less than your father does.

He has to compete with other laundrymen.

See the point? That's where we touch something vital. That's where the system has to be considered.

Not the laundry system. The social system.

The main stay of the laundry business is the apprentice. The apprentice is taken on at \$1.50 per week. A girl is an apprentice until she insists on more pay. She may have worked a year. If she is still vigorous and able she may get another dollar a week. If not, she can go and apply to some other laundry for a job. It depends on the "labor-market." If there is a lot of homeless, sixteen-year-old girls, they keep the wage down to \$1.50 per week by bidding against one another for the chance to work.

The laundryman must have prompt and reliable service.

If after working from seven in the morning until midnight in the summer heat a girl should oversleep and come late the next morning, she can go.

There are lots more who care enough for their work to be on time.

If one should faint at the machines from exhaustion, as they often do, she, too, can go.

Sickly women are a nuisance in any business.

But when they go—where do they go? It is because we ask the question—only—and do not seek an answer to it that we can sleep at night.

Let us go round and peep into the ironing room. Both windows are open here. Hot, isn't it?

See those girls who are operating the ironing machines. To work those foot-levers they have to stand for the ten hours, practically on one foot.

The weight of the body all day is on that one leg.

It would kill anyone but a stork;—or a woman; a woman who has to do it or starve.

See the hot, tired look of that one. The sweat is running down her face and neck. Her rag of a waist is open at the throat, her bosom is half-uncovered. It's so hot she does not care. The less clothing the better. She would stifle in your collar.

She does not mean to be indelicate. She has not thought about it. Working-women don't.

She is thinking only of getting your waist ironed.

Don't you know, dear, how your little slipper taps your chamber floor in impatience if the laundry is late? That miserable laundry!

Now you see the girls are doing the best they can.

They are giving their lives to keep you clean.

They haven't any other thing to give.

No relaxation; no pleasure; their Sundays spent in limp collapse, dreading the morrow's coming.

But you have your clean linen!

And you have your clean conscience: *so long as you do not know the infamy of which you are a part!*

When you know this, sweet young girl, you will look out upon life with different eyes.

When you know this, you will see the blood of these girls who are unfit to be wives: who are unfit to be mothers: who are unfit even to be—you know what I said;—you will see their blood on every thing that comes from a laundry.

When you go into your bath-room, you will see their bath-room.

Did you ever see a bath-room in a cheap boarding-house? (Think of the boarding-house you must live at when you are getting but \$1.50 to \$6 a week and buy your own clothes!)

The bath-room in a cheap boarding-house would make you shudder, my dear.

You would be afraid of leprosy;—to go into it.

No one ever cleans it. The plaster is broken in the walls. The tub is discolored tin.

And there is no hot water.

Only a cold water faucet.

A worn, bloodless girl can't get into ice-water.

You see it *does* cost something to be clean, after all.

Your nice tiled bath-room, with its immaculate porcelain tub: soft rug to step out upon: and all the hot water, and soap, and towels, do not come with the desire for them.

You never think of that when you see an unclean person, do you, dear?

You never think of the price of cleanliness.

Because it is easy for you to be clean, you have been assuming that it is just as easy for everyone to be clean.

You have heard your mother say, "Well, I sympathize with the poor; but there is no excuse for a man or woman not being clean." You see mothers can

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be ignorant, even when they are good to us, and tender.

Linen costs money, too.

If the laundry girl has any to change after buying food she feels lucky.

There are lots who don't.

Your mother does not tell you these things, even when she knows them.

She says you have only one girlhood: and that you will collide with the grave things of life soon enough.

She thinks that ignorance is innocence.

But we have been to the laundry to-day—you and I.

We know better now, don't we?

We know that ignorance which dulls us into content, and makes the world seem beautiful, while all the time we are blindly stamping out the lives of other human beings, cannot be innocence: it can only be infamy.

When we looked into that laundry window to-day, we realized that the price we are paying for cleanliness of body is stultification of soul.

To keep clean at the cost of others' toil is to bathe the soul in slime.

Some day, dear, you will look into your mother's eyes, and she will quail before you: for she will see that in her foolish hope to save you pain she has helped to stain your soul.

She will see that a pure girlhood is not possible for you, until it is possible for every mother's child. Ignorance does not save.

Did I not see the tears in your eyes as we turned from the window of that damp basement?

Your sweet face paled. It was like a lily.

It was as if the lily should realize for an instant that the sources of its beautiful life are down deep in the subaqueous soil of the pond: down in the ooze and slime:—and feel sorry.

You were the lily blossom.

Those girls were the ooze and slime.

It is not with human life as it is with the lily.

Human life might all be blossom.

But first we must want it to be all blossom.

Desire precedes functioning, the scientists tell us.

I want to see the light of high desire in your eyes, dear. It makes a woman so beautiful.

Did you ever see the pictured eyes of Joan of Arc?

That is the light I mean.

It makes an angel of a woman.

Little, graceful pettinesses: little conventional accomplishments: plaything prettiness: all seem very insignificant in the light of that high glance.

And cleanliness of body alone does not bring that, dear.

Cleanliness of soul brings that. The price of that cleanliness is truth.

Yes: I see you understand.

You see that life is one.

You must help to free those girls in the laundry.

You must strive to get off their weary backs: and to teach and compel other people to get off their backs: and the backs of all who toil.

We must find how to do our share now, must we not?

You cannot find comfort in the old way now.

You are sad: and yet you are happy.

That is the power of truth. It expands the soul.

And that light is coming in your face: you are rising to consciousness—race-consciousness — life-consciousness; the birth of purpose.

Your mother would smile if I were to tell her that I love you more than she does: would she not?

Yet I believe I do.

She would say that if I loved you, I would take you to pleasant places.

And I took you to a laundry!

But your mother does not understand, dear.

She is the mother of your body.

I am the mother of your soul.

Regarding Christianity

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS



OF ALL who profess and call themselves Christians, not one in a thousand is mentally equipped to be the thing he pretends, or even to understand the sweep or scope of what he professes.

It is not roguery that makes three parts of Christendom loom hypocrite in the thinkers' eyes; but mental and constitutional inability to grasp a gospel at once the most spiritual and the most material ever preached and misunderstood.

Centuries of craft stretch between man and the Founder's meaning; confusion, more confounded, has divided the house against itself; politics and the progress of the world have turned religion into a piece of state machinery; and the rot at the root of the cumbrous fabric will, within half a century, bring all down in far-flung conflagration and ruin.

Then may arise the immortal part out of the holocaust of the letter, and Christianity, purged from church-craft as from a pestilence, shall fly back to brood upon the human heart once more in the primal rainbow glory of the Sermon on the Mount, preached under Heaven by a man to men.

An Undertone.

BY GEORGE D. HERRON.

When echoes of the toil of day
In hours of night affrighten sleep,
Uprises tensive in my soul
An undertone of sadness deep.

Its mystic sob and moan are like
Some far, unresting midnight sea;
It bears to me the old, sad notes
Of human life and destiny.

It gathers volume with the hours
And bears away the narrow cares:
Within me surge a race's woes;
A race through me breathes forth its prayers.

No power have I to answer these,
Nor healing for the plaints upborne,
While through the halting hours I wait
The work that cometh with the morn.

But with the wake of day soft speak
Melodic voices from the skies,
Assuring me that in the light
There waits some infinite surprise,—

To arm the common life with truth
From which, in panic hosts, shall flee
The tyrant-fears and evil faiths
That keep the world from liberty.

Then from the undertone I rise
And swear the night to be unreal,
And in the morning hope I raise
The banner of my world-ideal.

My banner calls the world to turn
From economic chance and strife,
And calls on love to drive the wheels
That turn our labor into life.

I shake from it the clinging doubt,
And look to see it soon unfold
The ancient mystery of man,
The solvent of our problems old.

Yet when the sober night returns,
And I beside my banner lie,
The undertone seems deeper still,
More helpless still the human cry.

The rich in greater menace rule,
The priests make evil of my good;
The signs upon my banner are,
Not triumph, but my wasted blood.

Again the world-woe floods the night,
Nor can I heal the plaints upborne,
Yet stronger than the world-woe is
The hope that cometh with the morn.

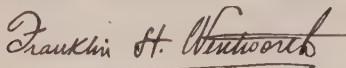
Although the night bends low my soul
To its majestic minor key,
Yet I in mightier majors sing
A morning song of victory.

Though man to faith and struggle came
From chaos of the cosmic night,
Yet I am sure the truth of man
Lies somewhere in the morning light.

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EDITORIAL

The National Congress of Mothers will convene in Washington on the 25th inst., and last three days. The physical and mental welfare of children will be the subject of the congress, of which Mrs. Theodore Birney of Washington is president.—*Chicago Tribune*.

MADAM De Staël once asked Napoleon Bonaparte, "General, what woman in France do you the most admire?" "The one who has the most children," replied that distinguished cut-throat.

Napoleon harped on this string a good deal: "What France needs is mothers," he kept saying.

What he meant was, "What I need is soldiers."

The French women did the best they could. One would have thought that child-birth was a pleasant pastime from the way in which they furnished food for European cannon.

Perhaps, here and there, a woman whose soul had been born, recoiled at being a breeding creature for a man's ambition. Most of them, however, accepted the situation and strove to please the Emperor.

We are the creatures of our environment.

Mother-love is the symbol of the Divine love. Even when it is bound by four walls there is something godlike about it.

But when it lifts itself above its own domesticity and shines out upon the whole world, it takes on the radiance of a Sun: all life is warmed by it.

Mother-love extended to all the race is the ideal of the kingdom of heaven.

Only here and there a woman dimly sees this truth and gives her sons and daughters a sense of race-obligation;—teaches them that unless they hold all life in their consciousness they will but swing round in a petty circle, their lives useless to the race.

Most women (except working-women, who have neither time nor opportunity) teach their daughters little graceful arts and things. They play a little, and paint a little, and know a superficial bit of the continental languages.

This makes them "attractive."

If they are made sufficiently attractive they may get a husband well-to-do enough to continue their aimable mediocrity; -- until the children begin to come; then their pretty accomplishments fall into disuse.

When girlhood is given up to petty things there can be no fit preparation for motherhood. Bearing a child is but the beginning of motherhood. Motherhood is spiritual, not physical.

What Napoleon wanted of the Frenchwomen was reproduction, not motherhood.

Motherhood produces men like Jesus and Mazzini and Abraham Lincoln.

It is mere fecundity that produces a Nero, or a Czolgosz, or a King Edward VII.

Motherhood produces spirituality.

Fecundity produces human animals.

Josephine was a woman who had risen to consciousness. She was a widow. She had a son by a former husband. Napoleon loved her as much as he could love any woman. We can only appreciate high qualities in others when we ourselves have spirituality enough to discern them. Josephine's wit and wisdom brought out all the good that was resident in Bonaparte's nature.

But he put her away for Marie Louise.

Why?

Because he wanted another kind of woman.

He wanted a brood-mare.

That was his polite word: *pouliniere*.

It is this idea--what we may term the Napoleonic idea--that woman should be a breeding hack, that has kept womankind in slavery.

Woman has always been a greater slave to conventionality than man, because she has been man's property.

In the mid-century past she did not dare even to have a brain. It was *unwomanly*!

Aurore Dupin had to call herself George Sand.

Mary Ann Evans had to call herself George Eliot.

These great women, towering above the petty masculine intellects of their time, did not dare to let their readers know they were not men.

Why?

Because everybody believed that women should be breeding; not writing books.

Women themselves believed this; they thought Sand and Eliot must have horns and a tail when it began to be whispered about that they were women. They could not conceive the idea of woman apart from her functions as a female animal.

They never dreamed that women could own their own bodies and yet be mothers,—spiritual mothers.

Susan B. Anthony has never married; yet her children are the finest women in America today—*the fittest to be mothers*.

She has fitted more daughters for motherhood than any ten thousand women taken at random in the United States.

Her daughters are fittest to be mothers because they have been lifted into consciousness; they are fittest to be mothers because they are getting a glimpse of what real motherhood—spiritual motherhood—is.

Because Susan B. Anthony cared more for spiritual children than for physical children she was blacklisted.

At a public meeting not long ago someone threw a rose at her. It confused and embarrassed her, she said. If it had been a carrot or a rotten egg she would have known how to receive it.

For over fifty years she was hooted and hissed and insulted by the brood-mares and their squires, because she had dared to think more nobly of womanhood than they did.

The other women believed that the only respectable service their sex could render to the world was to breed; and they bit, and scratched, and spat at the noble hand which reached to lead them out of the dark.

They liked the Napoleonic idea best.

It was the idea they were used to.

It had been taught them by their mothers, and they themselves were busy teaching it to their daughters.

A good many of them are still at it.

That is why the present industrial system is possible.

The Napoleons of industry need soldiers in their battles, too.

The brood-mares are furnishing the “labor-market.”

A nation or a race will never rise higher than its mothers.

If the women willed it so, they could stop the slaughter in South Africa; they could stop it in the Philippines; they could stop the grinding up of human life in our murderous industrial system.

It needs but for them to say: *We will not bear children for your cannons, nor for your hideous industrial treadmills; life is too sacred and the agony of childbirth is too great.*

Why don't they say it then?

Because they don't think of it. They have been trained the other way. They see only their own children, and hope *they*, somehow, may escape. Their sense of motherhood is limited as an animal's is limited,—to their own young.

Motherhood is spiritual, not physical.

No woman is a mother until every life is as sacred to her as that which comes from her own birth-agony.

When she rises to this consciousness she can never be proud of a soldier son, nor a son who exploits his living from other lives.

If she cares for a child because it is *hers*, and fits and educates it only to "succeed in life," ignoring the common life in which "success" must be won—then she is on the plane of the jungle-folk; and the tiger-cub will show in her offspring.

Until a woman is spiritually fit for motherhood she does the world scant service by bringing children into it.

We have had somewhat too much of the Napoleonic idea.

When MOTHERHOOD comes, manhood will come; race-consciousness will come; peace and love and fellowship will come.

When over the dead bodies of a few more Anthonies women shall rise to self-ownership, rise to recognize themselves as human beings, not chattel property; when Socialism sets the woman free to get her living without selling her body either in the marriage state or out of it, motherhood will begin, and the birth-era of a race will dawn more noble, grand, more goodly great, than all the past has known.

She Who Is to Come

BY CHARLOTTE STETSON GILMAN

"A woman—in so far as she beholdeth
Her one Beloved's face:
A Mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth
The children of the Race:
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty
That comes of perfect use,—is built thereof:
A mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,
And justice reigns with Love:
A self-poised royal soul, brave, wise and tender,
No longer blind and dumb:
A Human Being, of an unknown splendor,
Is she who is to come!"

To the Dead and the Living

BY JOHN SPARGO

We hold ourselves bound to the natives of our Indian territory by the same obligations of duty which bind us to all our other subjects; and those obligations, by the blessings of Almighty God, we shall faithfully and conscientiously fulfill.

In their prosperity will be our strength, in their contentment our security, and in their gratitude our best reward. And may the God of all power grant to us, and to those in authority under us, strength to carry out these our wishes for the good of the people.

—Queen Victoria's Proclamation to the Princes and Peoples of India in 1858 (the year after the Mutiny).

I.

Victoria Rex Imperatrix Anathema Memoria.

Great erstwhile Empress-Queen — now common, uncrown'd clay —
Hast thou found rest ? Do not the curses deep
Of these poor starving *ryots* forbid sleep ?
Or art thou callous still as in thy regal day ?

Thro' ages men shall call thee "Famine Queen,"
Whose Empire rested upon broken trust.
Thy name, now linked with curses, might have been
Belov'd, had'st thou been true unto thy promise just !

II.

Tu quoque Edward Rex, Imperator !

O, great King-Emperor, hearest thou that moan —
Like the fierce roar of an enraged sea ?
A People's wrong bodes ill unto thy throne —
Nor to thy throne alone, O King, but unto thee !

With firm, unfailing hand Fate hath recorded this
Upon the blood-writ scroll of History : —
"A swift and stern avenging Nemesis
Follows with tireless feet the wake of Tyranny !"

Thy crown and pomp we scorn — we do not PRAY to thee,
But WARN thee heed yon India's curse-wrought moan.
Yea, these who curse, waking to Liberty,
Shall yet break thy vast Empire and o'erthrow thy throne !

The Flowers of a Grant of Land

"To whomsoever the soil at any time belongs, to him belong the fruits of it. White parasols and elephants mad with pride, are the flowers of a grant of land."—Sir William Jones' translation of an old Indian grant of land, found at Tanna.

In India there are 300,000,000 people.

The great native states of Indore, Gwalior, Hyderabad, Travancore and Mysore, aggregating 50,000,000 people, govern themselves, under light British supervision.

The balance of the territory, with its population of 250,000,000 souls, is governed by the English capitalists.

The self-governing states are surrounded by the British territory. Their drawbacks of climate are identical.

Yet the self-governing states are flourishing and prosperous.

In the British-governed states the people are dying off like rats:—starved into skeletons.

The Indian people, who had a literature and an art and an architecture while our ancestors were half-naked savages gnawing raw flesh, no longer own their own country. Their land is no longer theirs.

They sow it, and till it, and reap it: but the harvest is taken from them.

Every year the English capitalists, through their plundering organization called the British government, extort from India over \$150,000,000 in gold value.

What do the Indian people get in return?

White parasols and elephants mad with pride; English soldiers; and Secretaries and Viceroys in gold lace and jewel-hilted swords; and pestilence and famine!

Every week, while the ryots of India are dying of sheer starvation and of

diseases induced by starvation, the wheat ships are clearing from the port of Calcutta.

The food the ryots have grown is taken from them.

The wheat ships are sailing for England.

The wheat is to make bread for the English people;—and for the English soldiers in South Africa.

The people of India are starved that the people of South Africa may be slain. England is a civilized country.

The ryots do not understand it all. They do not know what civilization is. They simply know if they do not till the soil they die.

If they do till the soil they must give up the fruits of it. For there are the English guns.

When ten or twelve millions of the Indian people starve to death in a single year it occasions remark;—"famine years," such years are called.

When only two or three millions die (that is: more than the population of Chicago) it is an ordinary year.

No one pays much attention.

In "famine" years the English herd the starving people together by the hundred thousands in what are called "relief-works."

This is where the ryots get the food bought by the pennies of the American Sunday-school children.

If the American Sunday-school children's donation happens to be a trifle shy, the English hold back one or two of the wheat ships and allow the ryots to eat a little of their own grain.

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This is not to save the lives of the ryots.

It is to save the lives of the English.

If the ryots get to dying faster than they can be buried, pestilence breaks out. The English don't like that. English children die of it.

The sanitary arrangements for herd-

It would be pitiful if the women were human;—that is to say, English.

There is enough wheat grown in India to feed the people of India.

The prosperity of the native-governed states proves it.

Their resources are identical with those of the British-governed states.

The difference is this: in the native-



A RYOT DRAWING ROOM IN INDIA

(Reproduced from *Black and White*)

ing people together by the hundred thousand are never very good.

Plague and cholera invariably appear.

Most of the ryots prefer to perish miserably in their own little huts.

This is better: the vultures pick their bones speedily and there is an end. No one's sympathies are taxed.

No one hears the cry of the famished babes.

They suck the dry breasts and wither up and die in their mother's arms.

governed states they eat the wheat they grow; in the British-governed states the English eat it. The English take it by taxation.

In years of drought the taxes are the same as in years of plenty. In years of good crops the ryots can just barely pay their taxes and live till the next season. If the next season there is a drought; that settles them; they have saved up nothing and they die. The English must have their taxes.

In Mysore and the other native-governed states they fill the granaries in good seasons to feed over the years of drought.

In the British-governed states the English take it all.

When the year of drought comes the ryots in the British states are destitute.

They die like flies.

These are the years in which the missionary journals appeal for help. It quickens the imagination to see pictures of vast multitudes starving.

Good people go about among the churches telling how terrible it is.

They get a living by it.

They say the awful drought does it.

They don't seem to notice the awful English.

If goodness is blindness, they are very good people:—very good, indeed.

They do not understand taxation.

About one man in ten thousand does.

Taxation is the strongest weapon of capitalism.

Also the subtlest.

It strikes quietly, in the dark; while men are thinking of something else.

But in India it is plain enough.

For fear lest the hunger-stricken ryots should eat their crops before paying what they "owe," the English extort the payment of the excessive taxes, in cash, before the crops are grown!

This drives the cultivators into the hands of the native money-lenders. The money-lenders advance the cash at about 60 per cent, and take a mortgage on the crops.

The ryot takes the risk.

It is a great system.

Without it British India would go bankrupt to-morrow.

She could not support the vast horde of English parasites which has fastened on her.

By owning India the English can suck her dry.

To whomsoever the soil at any time belongs, to him belong the fruits of it.

In India men and cattle must have salt.

If men and women do not eat as much salt as they ought to eat they contract loathsome diseases.

If the cattle don't get enough of it they perish, and that settles the tillage.

The bullocks do the ploughing.

The English tax the salt as a government monopoly 1,000 per cent on its value!

One thousand per cent; that is a good tax.

Of course the ryots use as little salt as they can: but one can never be quite sure of the danger-line.

In "famine" years human beings are more important than cattle. The ryots then buy food for themselves instead of salt for the cattle.

The bullocks die.

Then the next year there are but few bullocks to plow.

The ryots are between the devil and the deep sea.

The sleek, fat clergy of the English churches offer prayers to God for the welfare of "His Majesty's subjects" in India.

The salt tax helps to keep the church going.

The ryots might thrive better on the salt than on the prayers.

But the churches wouldn't.

England's zeal in civilizing India is bringing flattering results.

A study of official statistics for the century just ended shows:

From 1825 to 1850 there were two famines and 500,000 deaths from famine:

From 1850 to 1875 there were six famines and 5,000,000 deaths from famine:

From 1875 to 1900 there were eighteen famines and 26,000,000 deaths from famine.

Quite an interesting progression!

Within the ten years from 1891 to 1900, nineteen millions died of starvation,—nearly four times as many as the war-deaths of the world for the entire century.

William Digby, in a book published last year ("Prosperous" British India:

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a Revelation from Official Records, by William Digby, London. T. Fisher Unwin), says that in the absence of special seasons of famine there are 70,000,000 hungry people in the country;—about the population of the United States.

As the English from year to year during the past century have gradually obtained complete control over India: saddling more and more of parasitical unproductive officialdom upon her: taking more and more of her product away every year to England; they have, at the same time, by salt taxes and other similar exactions, exterminated her cattle and otherwise reduced the productive resources of the ryots, until famine has now become a chronic state from which so long as the English are in India no number of favorable seasons can extricate her.

It should be remembered that during this same century the native-governed states before mentioned, having the same climate and similar soil, have been uniformly prosperous and flourishing, only suffering slightly when two seasons of severe drought came consecutively.

Twenty-six million lives in twenty-five years: that is England's record at the close of nineteen hundred years of what she calls Christianity.

In India twenty-three years is the average of life; in Great Britain it is forty.

"India must be bled," playfully said "Lord" Salisbury.

India is a long way off.

Blood spilled in India does not bespatter English tea cups.

No such awful crime has ever been committed in the history of the human race as that which England is committing in India.

Multiply English crime in South Africa a thousand times, it pales before the incalculable infamy of India.

"Lord" Curzon, Viceroy, and "Lord" George Hamilton, Secretary, assert that India is prosperous.

She is, for the English leech.

The official returns for 1898-1899, the latest available, show government salaries of \$52,440,000 paid by British India.

This is equivalent to paying every resident of a city of 52,440 inhabitants one thousand dollars a year.

"Where there is one idle man," says Tolstoy, "there is always another somewhere who is starving."

After the English officials finish their years of "service" in India they go home and loaf the rest of their lives on a pension:—also paid by India.

Forty-five or fifty is the "retiring" age.

The starving ryots in India are to-day yielding up their product to support eleven hundred retired Colonels in England, who divide among them \$5,000,000 a year in pensions.

Most of these Colonels "have seen active service" in India: that is, they are the men who helped to murder all the Indian people who dared to fight, trying to keep the land of India for themselves.

When "Lord" George Hamilton says that British India is thriving, he means the English quarters of British India.

The ordinary traveler who runs through India does not see the squalor and misery that festers under the shadow of the near horizon.

Anglo-stan is fat:—bloated from the blood-sucking of the vast empire.

Hindu-stan rattles her bones in her dry skin a few miles beyond the railroad.

On the one hand white parasols and elephants mad with pride; on the other the dying gasps of those who are paying for it all.

In England an imbecile King with his thoughts on gaudy splendor.

In India his Viceroy, outdoing even the fat Edward in the infamy of his luxury.

Beneath the feet of both, a pyramid of thirty million skulls!

Such luxury in the house of death as the dispatches from India are now reporting has not been heard of since the pre-revolutionary days of France.

Here is a recent dispatch to the Chicago Tribune:

Elephant parties are the latest form of amusement to be invented by Lady Curzon to entertain India's 400. It seems that several of the native rulers have taken a great fancy to her, and the Maharajah of Durbhunga recently made her a unique gift by placing at her disposal a magnificent herd of elephants.

The Vicereine was at a loss to know just what to do with the gift at first. Then the idea occurred to her of giving an elephant party. She arranged it so that each animal was to bear a young woman and an attendant saint to a rendezvous, where tiffin was to be served to the assembled pairs.

Lady Curzon herself rode the largest elephant in the group, and in her howdah of silver was protected from the sun by an umbrella of white silk, bordered with pearls. Her mahout carried a silver goad and fly fan. The trappings on her mount were embroidered in silk and gold, while festoons of pearls hung around the elephant's ears.

The first party was such a success that her ladyship gave several more, and now the fad has developed to almost a craze.

Beasts decorated with festoons of pearls!

The people dying like rats from starvation!

Language fails here.

Who is "Lady" Curzon?

She is the daughter of an American; a Chicago shopkeeper who bought Chicago land and became a millionaire.

White parasols and elephants mad with pride are the flowers of a grant of land.

The ryots of Chicago are paying their share.

The only reason the American ryots are not dying off at the rate of the Indian ryots is that the United States have 80,000,000 instead of 300,000,000 people.

Our time is coming.

They are beginning to die of starvation now, here and there, in New York, and Philadelphia, and Chicago.

Mr. L. Z. Leiter, "Lady" Curzon's father, is one of the eighteen men who own the business center of Chicago.

To whomsoever the soil at any time belongs, to him belong the fruits of it.

Mr. Leiter saw that as Chicago grew

in size, Chicago land would increase in value.

Being a landlord is more profitable than being a shopkeeper.

A shopkeeper has to get up early in the morning, work hard all day, and worry most of the evening.

A landlord can sleep late, do no work, and worry not at all.

Other people yield up to him their product for the privilege of living on the earth.

In cities the privilege of living on the earth comes high.

For example, the south-east corner of State and Madison streets in Chicago brings in a rental of \$210,000 per year for the bare ground.

Capitalized at five per cent this represents a value of \$4,200,000.

Four million dollars for a bit of earth 200 feet square!

What makes this enormous value?

The presence of the city around it: the presence of the people of Chicago.

The humblest family in the humblest cottage on Goose Island by their presence in Chicago add to the site and rental value of this corner.

Take all of the people and all of the houses of Chicago over the Wisconsin line and what would this corner be worth?

It would be worth the annual crop of potatoes or cabbages that can be grown on a lot 200 feet square.

But now it furnishes a yearly crop of anything the owner may want to the value of \$210,000.

And the crop never fails.

It does not depend on the seasons.

No matter what the fate of other industries, this \$210,000 will purchase, every year, food and clothing and shelter that someone's toil is producing.

The owner of this corner gives nothing in return for the luxuries he enjoys.

The economic position of the American landlord is identical with that of the retired Colonel in England.

He gets his revenue under another name: that's all.

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The English tax the Indian ryots directly.

The Landlords tax the American ryots indirectly.

Both live in idle luxury;—and the ryots pay.

Capitalism draws the people off the farms to work in city factories. The farmer gives up all of his crop above a scant living to the capitalist in exchange

bourgeois American family is an unearned fortune.

The Leiters give nothing in return for the five or six hundred thousand dollars a year the people of Chicago contribute for their living.

They don't even live in Chicago. They seldom take time to look at their property.

Land does not run away.



THE LEITER DRAWING ROOM IN WASHINGTON

(By courtesy of *The Pilgrim*)

for the factory product. The increased city population raises site values, increasing ground rents.

So the landlord gets his share.

The landlord keeps the gambling-house of Capitalism: his rake-off is sure.

The capitalist worries sometimes.

The landlord does not worry.

Men have got to live on the earth.

The Leiter fortune which attracted "Lord" Curzon to marry into this

They live in Washington when they are at home. Their home is very beautiful. One room in it cost \$80,000 in furnishings alone,—the drawing-room.

It is more attractive than a ryot's drawing-room.

The ryot drawing-room is that of people who work,—and starve.

The Leiter drawing-room is that of people who don't work,—and feast. Its ceiling is carved and frescoed; the pillars and door-casings are of marble.

The house was built and decorated and furnished by human labor. For those who labor to use? Goodness, no! For those who do not labor to use.

A working-man sitting in one of those carved and brocaded satin chairs would be an object of derisive laughter. The only question anyone would think of putting to him is, "What are you doing here?"

This is not peculiar to the Leiter drawing-room; it is common to all drawing-rooms. Drawing-rooms are for loafing-people, not for working-people.

They are a survival of the English mansion.

No one ever *draws* anything in them, now;—except his breath. Even that tires some of them out.

So long as we have a loafing class they will have eighty-thousand-dollar drawing-rooms, while other people live in damp cellars and rickety shacks.

So long as we have a loafing class some of them will decorate beasts with pearls while human beings are dying of famine.

It is the fault of the system.

It is morally just as right for the English to own India and exploit the ryots, as it is for the American landlords to own the United States and exploit the American working people.

The private ownership of the earth is the private ownership of the people who live upon the earth, whether they live in India or America.

If you own the people's land you own the people.

If you own the people you own their product.

If you wish to use their product in eighty-thousand-dollar drawing-rooms; or in decorating beasts with pearls, you can do it:—the product is yours.

But you only spend money this way because you do not have to earn it. No man who has ever really earned money is such a fool.

When a man works he learns what money costs. When a man loafes on

other people's earnings he does not know.

Land is one of the great factors of production.

Unless labor can get to the land it can produce nothing.

If labor can get to the land only by an "owner's" permission, then the "owner" can exact as rent whatever the laborer can be forced to give up.

Socialism would make land common property.

Socialism would make common property of everything that is now used by some human beings to exploit others.

This does not mean that there would be no private property.

To hear some people talk one would think the Co-operative Commonwealth would not allow one to own his own tooth brush.

Socialists do believe in private property.

It is only under Socialism that seventy-five per cent of the people can ever hope to own any private property!

Socialists do not desire to drag people down.

They desire to raise people up.

To raise not *some* people up, but *all* people up, and to make the world a fit place for free men to live in the *material resources* of life must be common property. This is the Socialist philosophy.

The Socialist believes we could do without eighty-thousand-dollar drawing-rooms if by so doing we could abolish every tenement and rookery from the land and fill every human habitation with sunshine and flowers; he believes that beasts might forego their pearl decorations if by such denial every ryot in India could be allowed to eat his own grain.

Under Socialism no single human being in India or any other country would ever die of starvation so long as anywhere in the whole world there was an elevator full of wheat and a railroad or a steamship to transport it.

Does that seem to you revolutionary?

Well, it is *meant* to be revolutionary.

The Socialist is a revolutionist. He wants a new kind of world. He sees a vision of an entirely new civilization, and he will give his life if need be to secure it.

He is sick of seeing starvation in a world of plenty. He is sick of white parasols and elephants mad with pride in a country of hideous famine. He is sick of eighty-thousand-dollar drawing-

rooms while the children of America are freezing in fireless attics.

He declares for a glad new world: a world of light, a world of joy and sunshine; a world to live in, to be happy in; a world of lovers and comrades; a world of brotherhood, of fellowship, from the glad heights of which our old tired world of strife, and starvation, and broken lives and baffled hopes will seem like a wierd and ghostly Inferno only sent to test our worth of manhood.

Where Is Thy Brother?

BY BERTRAND SHADWELL

"I was my brother's keeper, and because I strove to take his land, as brothers

may—

Else what's the use of brotherhood?—
he died

Defending it. He lies beneath its sod—
A bayonet thrust—I wiped away the
blood—

His blood—from off the surface of the
the steel

Lest it should rust its polish. It is
gone;

Gone from my hands as well, and from
my soul;

For, as I hope to enter heaven, I swear
I did it for his good. I slaughtered
him

For his own good. He wished to rule
himself—

To govern his own land in his own
way—

He called it liberty, and he has won
His freedom now—the freedom of the
grave—

His soul is free; although his body
rots—

Dead for his good—I killed him for his
good."

"THOU HYPOCRITE! The souls that
thou hast freed

Have gone to God to call for justice
there.

Down on thy knees! Ask pardon in
the dust!

The stamp of Cain is set upon thy
brow.

Repent, and make what poor amends
thou canst.

Restore what thou with violence hast
stol'n.

Remember thou Christ's awful words,
'If thou

The world and all its riches should'st
attain,

And lose thy soul—what shall it profit
thee?'"



The Song of the Lower Classes

By ERNEST CHARLES JONES

We plow and sow—we're so very, very low
That we delve in the dirty clay,
Till we bless the plain with the golden grain,
And the vale with the fragrant hay.
Our place we know—we're so very, very low—
'Tis down at the landlord's feet ;
We're not too low the bread to grow,
But too low the bread to eat.

Down, down we go—we're so very, very low—
To the hell of the deep-sunk mines,
But we gather the proudest gems that glow
Where the crown of a despot shines.
But whenever he lacks, upon our backs,
Fresh loads he deigns to lay ;
We're far too low to vote the tax,
But not too low to pay.

We're low, we're low—mere rabble we know ;
But at our plastic power
The mold at the lordling's feet will grow
Into palace and church and tower.
Then prostrate fall in the rich man's hall
And cringe at the rich man's door ;
We're not too low to build the wall,
But too low to tread the floor.

We're low, were low—we're very, very low—
But from our fingers glide
The silken flow and the robes that glow
'Round the limbs of the sons of pride ;
And what we get and what we give,
We know and we know our share ;
We're not too low the cloth to weave,
But too low the cloth to wear.

We're low, we're low—we're very, very low,
And yet when the trumpets ring,
The thrust of a poor man's arm will go
Through the heart of the proudest king.
We're low, we're low—our place we know—
We're only the rank and file ;
We're not too low to kill the foe,
But too low to touch the spoil.

Field Notes

Wm. Mailly is still hard at organizing work in Massachusetts. Although the two months originally planned for are up, he will stay on for some time yet, as the work is too fruitful in results to abandon hastily.

His letters to the Socialist press, published simultaneously in seven weekly papers, contribute much of the most interesting matter these publications put before their readers. The regular and constant blows being struck for the Cause in the Massachusetts legislature by Carey and Mac Cartney are an inspiration to those who read of them. Mailly puts his matter in such admirable shape as to make his work in this direction of great service to the movement.

Sixteen clubs have applied for charters as the result of his two months' work in Massachusetts, and others have been put into running order. During February he attended meetings at Brighton, Quincy, Chelsea, Reading, Lynn, Somerville, Salem, Cambridge and Roxbury, beside two meetings of the Boston City Committee. His ardent efforts also contributed much to the success of the Vail lectures.

*

Boston is to have a Commune celebration on March 18th, in America Hall, 724 Washington street.

The Boston comrades, who have grown attached to Mailly during his stay there, will have an opportunity to meet another member of the Fellowship of the Socialist Spirit on this occasion.

Mailly has arranged for John Spargo to come up from New York for the address of the evening. Spargo's subject will be: The Paris Commune, and its Lessons. A short entertainment will also be given.

An admission fee of ten cents a person will be asked to defray expenses.

*

It is gratifying to note that the Vail lecture course, given last month in Boston, is to be given this month at Toledo. March 6, 7, 8, are the dates, and the place is Memorial Hall annex, Ontario street.

The movement cannot have too much of the clear economic presentations of Comrade Chas. H. Vail.

Unimpassioned argument often convinces where emotional appeals to one's reason and justice do not move.

*

The book of A. M. Simons, editor of the International Socialist Review, on "The American Farmer," is now off the press, and for sale by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago, for 50 cents, post paid. This book cannot fail to interest all students of Socialism, as it treats of a phase of life singularly ignored by writers on economic subjects.

That the farm has undergone a revolution must be plain to anyone who reads Comrade Simon's book, which reflects a wide reading and a careful comparison of the opinions of other writers as a prelude to his own summing up.

The book should be widely read.

*

Progress in political organization is reported by the National Secretary. Minnesota had her first state convention February 22-23; and North Dakota on February 14. Colorado has applied for a state charter, and numerous local charters have been issued during the month, all of which progress is reported in detail in the weekly party press. Kentucky Socialists will hold a state convention at Newport, on March 16th.

The visit of Franklin H. Wentworth to Rochester, N. Y., for two speeches on Sunday, February 9th, was an agreeable respite from the strain of editorial work. Mr. Wentworth returned home fortified in his previous belief that the earnest and able men and women who are gathered about William Thurston Brown are going to be heard from in the coming days of social change.

*

The New York Socialists are working determinedly for their daily paper. There is no doubt that such a paper would have a telling effect upon the proletariat now reading the *World* and the *Journal*. Job Harriman, Dr. Julius Halpern and Leonard D. Abbott constitute the finance committee and their efforts deserve to succeed.

*

THE COMRADE continues its wealth of interesting matter and is a credit to the movement. John Spargo is now acting as editor-in-chief.

*

The city campaign in Erie, Pa., closed on Tuesday, Feb. 18, after more than two months of most energetic work, and the results are such as to satisfy the most sanguine. The vote for Mayor stands:

Hardwick, Rep., 4,291.
Warde, Socialist, 3,164.
Warfel, Dem., 1,513.

This shows clearly what may happen in any city where the workers in the trades-unions unite with the Socialists. If the plutocratic Democrats had not bolted in a panic into the Republican party the entire Socialist ticket would have been easily elected.

*

The meeting in North Side Turner Hall, Chicago, on February 19th, arranged for Father T. McGrady of Bellevue, Ky., was largely attended. Franklin H. Wentworth presided and Father McGrady spoke for nearly two hours, arousing great enthusiasm. The priest is an able speaker; burly, rough-cut, and trenchant;—and above all, easy to understand,—just the man for the work he is doing.

*

Franklin Wentworth is to deliver the baccalaureate address at the commencement exercises of the high school of Milton, Indiana, on Saturday evening, March 29th.

The following evening he will address a mass-meeting of citizens at the same place.

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